

PS 635
.Z9
C778
Copy 1

35
C778

THE
SPANISH PRIEST.

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

ATTEMPTING PORTRAYAL OF FRONTIER CHARACTERS, IN
PIONEER DAYS, ON THE BANKS OF THE
"FATHER OF WATERS."

THE
SPANISH PRIEST.

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

ATTEMPTING PORTRAYAL OF FRONTIER CHARACTERS, IN
PIONEER DAYS, ON THE BANKS OF THE
"FATHER OF WATERS."

✓
BY P. J. COOPER.

34

COPYRIGHTED 1893 BY J. N. HULL, ST. LOUIS, MO.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

PRESS OF
THE WOODWARD & TIERNAN PRINTING CO., ST. LOUIS
1893.

309704

P5638
290772

THE SPANISH PRIEST.

CHARACTERS.

Ordadro.—A Catholic Priest.

Bernreb.—(Alias Darkrad.)

Cardrac.

Cornanroc.—An English Lord.

Dramard Egrafarge.

Renouer.

Tranart.

Ludodul.

Sullus.

Frederf.

Gazzag Polytop.—A Physician.

Hallah } Frontiersmen.
Girdrig }

Dod.—Slave, owned by *Bernreb*.

Adeda Farcraft.

Nellen.—Indian Girl (Educated.)

Madam Egrafarge.

Enelene.—Mad. Egrafarge's Maid.

Officer, Waiter and Slaves.

The scenes are chiefly at *Urbru*, a hamlet on the banks of the *Mississippi* soon after the territory was acquired by the United States.

COSTUMES.—French, Spanish, and Frontier of the last part of the Eighteenth century.

The parts of *Ordadro* and *Cardrac* are arranged for presentation by one person.

TMP 92-008922

THE SPANISH PRIEST.

SCENE FIRST.—*Lawn in front of MADAM EGRAFARGE's house at Urbru, overlooking the Mississippi River. Rustic settee with lady's work-basket thereon. Rifle leaning against settee. Easel and painting materials.*

ENELENE *discovered on low bench sewing.*

Ene. Stitch—stitch—stitch. How I hate to sew. Fellows don't have to sew. I wish I'd been a boy. It's awful only just to be a girl. One isn't more than born before they all turn up their noses and say it's nothing but a girl. Girdrig thinks my sewing nice. I wish Hallah would. O, but I would tease him. (*Takes up palette and brush.*) If I could only paint I'd draw Hallah. He's such a splendid fellow (*Paints.*), dashing about on his horse and singing hunting songs, he hardly seems to touch the ground. I wouldn't smother him with flowers as Adeda painted Dramard. Oh, no, I'd paint him strong. My goodness, what a nose! Oh, that's too strong. Nobody could smother that with flowers. The light must be bad. Ah, what an eye! This light is surely very bad, and the mouth, it seems a little out of line. Oh, dear—somebody's coming—what shall I do? It's that old Bernreb—to see Adeda. He's foolin' time. I wonder if he wants me to find her dagger again. I never saw her have any dagger. I'll make him think Adeda painted that for him. Lordy, what a him! And such a light! (*Drops brush, etc., and hurries to sewing.*)

Enter BERNREB

Bern. Ah, Enelene, how do you do. What an industrious girl you are to be sure, always sewing. Please see if Miss Adeda is at home. (*Looks at ENELENE's painting.*)

Ene. She was drawing there just now. Who do you think she was painting? Don't you think that nose is—is—much like yours? That's just your mouth though, anyway.

Bern. And did you say that was Adeda's work?

Ene. (*Hesitatingly.*) Yes—er—yes—(*Looking at the work-basket.*) Yes, that is Adeda's work.

Bern. Enelene, there is a big book, with a little story, of one Ananias; you should read that little story. It will teach you—

Ene. O Lordy, I can't read. Did he lie? Did he teach you?

Bern. Teach me! What, to lie?

Ene. O no, to read. The other wasn't needed.

Bern. Take care, take care there, Enelene, my teaching may prove rather rough.

Ene. Eve had a teacher, rough and scaly too (*making sign of serpent*), though smooth of tongue—in a garden—where he wasn't wanted,—was that yours?

Bern. Enelene, be civil. Stick to your sewing. Leave painting alone, and see if your mistress is in.

Ene. Yes, I will, and leave painting—and Ananias—and the teacher alone. (*Sign of serpent.*)

(*Exit ENELENE.*)

Bern. Hm, little know they, why their gibes are borne. (*Examines basket.*) Yes, to be sure. O yes, this *is* Adeda's work. If I could but find her dagger. Ah, no, the weapon is not here. The galling thought that someone else may trace that dagger to its source, and learn Adeda's wealth and rank, ere I can grasp the prize—is torturing. Should the maiden learn these truths—so well concealed—what chance were left to me? (*Looks at the picture.*) We'll turn this blotch of folly to the wall. (*Reversing picture.*) Ah, Dramard—Dramard, as I'm alive—her cousin Dramard—concealed by flowers. Her tender fancy fastens on the youth. That foolish boy had best beware. He shall not wed the girl. Adeda comes, ah, how superbly fair. These fools still think she is the Madam's niece. Do they not see she is of finer mould?—what grace and beauty. And what countless wealth, whereof none ever dream. By heaven, I'll gain the maid, my mortgage deed shall wring her aunt's consent,—but—that upstart boy. If he should thwart me,—a starving tiger's eager clutch would be as kind caress to my fierce wrath. She comes—how wondrous beautiful!

Enter ADEDA.

Ade. Ah, neighbor Bernreb, I am glad you came. A letter was received—

Enter ENELENE.

Bern. Most charming friend, you have a thousand thanks for such kind welcome.

Ade. Your pardon please, for I would fain explain. A letter Dramard left, was to be sent—your timely coming makes our errand less, and therefore was I glad.

(*BERN. makes signs to ENELENE to retire.*)

Bern. I fondly hope you may not now withdraw the kindly words, so joyfully received.

(*ENELENE going.*)

Ade. (*To ENE.*) Stay, stay good girl. (*To BERN.*) My cousin thought perchance you might have known one Darkrad, to whom the letter is addressed—

Bern. (*Confused.*) Darkrad—Ah—yes—er—that is—

Ene. The name don't seem to agree with him.

Bern. (*Giving money to ENE. and motioning to go.*) I remember now a Darkrad of—from—New Orleans. I have a correspondent there; the letter shall be forwarded if you desire.

(*Exit ENELENE.*)

Ade. Thanks. Enelene—Ah, the maid has gone. I will myself then bring the letter.

Bern. Please do not go, for I would speak with you.

Ade. Let me first call the maid.

Bern. Ah, no, my words are for your ears alone—words man may but utter once in all his life, if from true heart he speaks as I do now. Adeda, I love you, all I have, with heart and soul shall be devoted to your happiness—Alas, I read the answer you would speak—yet, do not now reply. No one in all the land can offer such a home as mine. My house and fittings, horses, servants, all, have been obtained for you, your good aunt's shelter is but sufferance from me. Dramard, your blood relation, is in love with that strange Indian girl—

Ade. Say nothing more—I trust you may not mention this again, for you have truly read unspoken thoughts. And—if you would be a friend of mine, speak never lightly of my cousin. Fare you well.

(*Exit ADEDA. Entering house.*)

Bern. Baffled—foiled—refused. Yet must revenge await the capture of its prey. Fifty thousand pounds and half the Cornanroc estates. Bernreb is bent upon the prize, and will not thus be hindered from his spoil.

(*Enter ENELENE, giving BERNREB a letter.*)

(*He looks with some excitement at the direction.*)

Enelene. O my, and does it pain you very much? Do letters often give one colic?

Bern. Never mind good girl—go—thank your mistress; say the letter shall at once be sent.

Ene. Yes, yes, I'll say with joy, the teacher's gone. (*Making sign of serpent.*)

(*Exit ENE.*)

Bern. (*Looking at letter.*) Darkrad—Darkrad, that was the name by which I then was known. (*Looks about to see that he is*

not observed and opens letter.) And from Lord Cornanroc! Adeda's brother! My good Lord Cornanroc—My noble brother Cornanroc—if I shall win. (*Reads.*) "Many years ago my parents, with
"an infant sister sailed for Cuba. Naught has since been heard
"of either ship or crew, nor from the relatives so loved and lost.
"My mother wore a rare stiletto richly jewelled and of finest work-
"manship; upon the belt was wrought our monogram and crest,
"and on the clasp my mother's name. A belt of like description,
"I am told, was once in your possession, and many weary journeys
"have I made to find you. Should this be received I trust you
"will at once inform me, that I may in person trace the slender
"thread that possibly can lead to knowledge of"—There goes that
curious Indian girl, her intuitions would outweigh a score of
reasonings. I fear she reads my thoughts. (*Putting away letter
and about to go.*) Ah, Dramard's rifle, worth twice its weight in
gold. (*Takes up gun and is going.*) I could take care of this and
charge the crime to these vile, thieving Indians. (*As he is going,
enter NELLEN.*)

Nellen. The pale face seems in haste to-day.

Bern. (*Hesitating and returning rifle.*) Yes—er—yes. A
deer has passed almost within the range of this rare piece and I
had thought to capture it.

Nel. Has not the game in that direction fled? (*Pointing to
MADAM E's house.*)

Bern. Yes, to be sure—but if reports be true it is a cover for
more game than mine.

Nel. Reports mislead, the Indian maiden's thoughts take
longer flight.

Bern. Ah, Nellen, you have well divined my thoughts, then let
me have your aid in my most honorable suit—The priest—The
Reverend Spanish Priest, Ordadro, comes. This parish has been
given in his charge. 'Tis said he is of noble birth and striking
eloquence.

Nel. He moves indeed with graceful dignity.

Enter ORDADRO.

Bern. Welcome, Reverend Father, welcome to our parish.

Ord. I am glad to meet thee, neighbor Bernreb, but who have
we here that thus combines with nature's fairest grace such signs
of cultivation.

Bern. To be sure, this is the Indian maiden Nellen, daughter
of a noble chief, whose education, by the sisters of Loretto, was
perfected with great care. Nellen, this is the Reverend Priest Ordadro.

Nel. Welcome, most gladly welcome Reverend Father.

Ord. Thy gentle welcome meets sincerest thanks. Doubtless the Indian Chief was truly noble, (*to BERN.*) but, did not this graceful mien give answer, your questionable words would indicate it was the sire received such education.

Bern. No, no, Father Ordadro, but he was a brave man, and magnanimous to those he captured, and honest withal, a rare trait for an Indian.

Ord. Far more the subject than the speaker would those words commend.

(*Enter ADEDA.*)

There is some magic in this charming air. I had not thought to meet such fair reception.

(*Enter MADAM EGRAFARGE.*)

Bern. Father Ordadro, this is Madam Egrafarge, and this her niece, Adeda.

Madam E. You have our heartiest welcome, reverend sir.

Ord. By your generous greeting I am much impressed. How lovely are your flowers; both taste and patient care have here been lavished.

Madam E. The plants have been my niece's charge.

Adede. For your kind words Adeda gives (*Priest takes her hand.*) her cordial thanks.

Ord. Could this rare welcome to your aunt's delightful home have been anticipated, the hardships of my weary way had seemed but toils of joy.

Adede. We know but little of the world without. I long to learn—

Madam E. Observe this vista of the Mississippi, with stretch of prairie on the distant shore.

Ord. Majestic stream! With sweep sublime
Through richest lands and fairest clime,
In restless power, thy course superb
Omnipotence alone may curb;
What commerce shall thy matchless strength
Uphold through thy stupendous length;
What traffic on thy branches plied
What ships shall stem thy generous tide
When these vast realms of fertile plain
Shall wave in boundless seas of grain!

Madam E. Is not that graceful mound that towers above the waters edge an Indian cemetery?

Nel. It was. There rest the braves of former tribes; but—the dim traditions of our race can tell us nothing of their name or time.

Ord. Ah! if in Tiber's wealth of years
This stream shall surge, with hopes and fears,
Unnumbered joys, tears none may know,
Through all its swift tumultuous flow
Long centuries of deed and thought
In endless seething turmoil wrought,
What histories shall throng its waves
When we have filled forgotten graves!

(*Exit. All entering the house except ADEDA and NELLEN.*)

Ade. O, Nellen, Nellen, saw you ever such a man? How nobly grand and generous he seemed.

Nel. Your cousin's rifle has been overlooked.

Ade. He is to be our priest. What joy in worship by Ordadro led.

Nel. (*Taking up rifle.*) This is too great a prize thus to neglect.

Ade. Never have eyes like his looked in my own, they seemed to grasp and mould my thoughts. His glowing tribute to this mighty stream thrilled me with pride to dwell upon its banks.

Nel. This valued piece is charmed, there's magic in its dread report.

Ade. When came Ordadro I forgot all else.

Nel. You have seen a glittering meteor stream across the startled sky, in course unbending, there found the warriors of our tribe a name for Dramard's rifle; 'tis called the Star-wing, and its fatal leaden sphere the Whispering-death. Your cousin when thus armed fills us with confidence, our enemies with fear.

Ade. (*Taking dagger from folds of dress.*) Here is a weapon that to me seems charmed; observe, as one shall breathe upon the blade what phantom shapes enthrong its glittering steel. Our Savior's image forms the hilt; the jewelled eyes look forth with glances that arrest our thoughts, with every movement changing, yet their gentle clasp relaxes not.

Nel. (*Looking at dagger intently.*) What strange mysterious power it has. How came Adeda by this wondrous blade?

Ade. Alas! she does not know. Vague and evasive were all answers to her anxious words. Tradition said it had descended from some ancestor, but my good uncle, as he lay at point of death charged me to guard it with the utmost care, and bear it always with me, saying, this weapon is Adeda's, and beyond all price.

Nel. Look! Look! In undulating course strange shadows chase across the blade, like waves, or driving mists. Ah there gleams a sail. A ship! A ship seen dimly swaying through the

spray. What does this mean? There is a certain sense called instinct by the paler race, which the great spirit gives to all wild things, warning of coming storms, or nature's vast convulsions, guiding each bird and beast in homeward path direct, beyond all reasoning: this his children of the forest share most bountifully. Thus he reveals to our untutored eyes what science may not grasp. Can *you* not see these madly foaming waves.

Ade. Dismay obstructs your voice: your gentle clasp has now a clammy shuddering that appalls. I neither see or know more of the instrument than has been told, save, that the eyes have rarest fascination, and flash their welcome answer to my own, in sympathy or joy.

Nel. Ah, the ship, can you not see the struggling ship? Oh, 'tis gone! (*Crosses herself.*) Only a boiling sea obscured by fiercely driving clouds. 'Tis very wonderful, in some strange way thy life with this mysterious weapon is conjoined inevitably. And yet you know not whence it came or who has worn it. Adeda Farera? Farera? Surely that name cannot be truly thine; reversed its magic letters smoothly flow, like gliding sands in time recording glass.

Ade. That had I not observed; 'tis only chance.

Nel. There is no chance. The slightest thought, or word, or deed, has meaning, and its source.

Ade. I am strangely moved, describe again—

Enter BERNREB, from MADAM E's house.

Bern. To be sure young ladies, to be sure, you do not care to see a musty priest. Ordadro has inquired regretfully why you were absent, and expressed a strong desire to meet Adeda.

Nel. Ah, yes, we have been negligent.

Ade. Let us at once go in. (*Taking dagger which she replaces with some agitation in folds of dress.*)

(*ADEDA and NELLEN enter the house, bowing to BERN.*)

Bern. A little cavalierly, to be sure, but she retains her mother's dagger still. I have the belt that taught me of her birth; till I possess that blade I must not rest; all may be known e'er I can clutch the prize. So fair a maid and fifty thousand pounds! 'Tis agony to think I may not win. What fiendish fate would bar my way. The priest? Confound the man! My meager contrast shames beside his graceful mien. And he renouncing rank became a priest to save a relative—hm—If he thwarts me a thousand relatives will not save him.

ACT I.

SCENE II.

SCENE II.—*Priest's House.*

(*DOD, Negro slave, dusting, etc.*)

Dod. Hullo, here comes Mars Polylop, Mars Gazzag Polylop, Mars Doctor Gazzag Polylop, O Lordy, what a name. I'll jest call him Polywog till he gits wild. Ha, ha, I reckon some of your sick folks gwine ter die, Dr. Polylop—allers comes whinen round when they's gwine to die, 'frade de old feller wid de forked tail 'ill catch him for not doctorin' on 'em right.

(*Enter DR. POLYLOP.*)

Mornin' Mars Pollwog.

Dr. P. Good morning Dod. Polylop. Dr. Gazzag Polylop is my name, Dod.

Dod. Sartin Mars Polywog, Mars Gallipin Polywog, I allers —

Dr. P. Polylop, Polylop, can you not speak my name correctly? Any name seems natural and appropriate when once 'tis mastered.

Dod. Sartin Mars, but it takes a boss to master yourn, and pears like I disremember, Mars Gallipop.

Dr. P. Dod, you rascal, if you are not more respectful, I'll cane you.

Dod. O Mars Doctor, you wouldn't do that to a po' slave what aint allowed to read, case he couldn't pernounce dese sytiffic names.

Dr. P. Slave, Dod, slave: it's fortunate to be a slave, I often wish I was a slave, nothing to worry about, plenty to eat and somebody to take care of you.

Dod. Dat's so Mars, mouty lucky to be a slave, I seen a panther in a cage once, and he just walked up and down, up and down, before de bars all day looking way over yonder, and I just told him there wasent noffin ober der but bresh and timber, an' he was mouty lucky to have plenty to eat and well tended, and a nice place to stay, whar there couldn't nobody get in to hurt him. Yes, a nigger is mouty lucky to be a slave, and well tuk keer on.

Dr. P. True Dod, true, but tell me where is Father Ordadro?

Dod. He has gone to the squirrel's cave, dey's fixin' it up, and dey's gwine to have a fate dare, and den day's gwine ter put big doors on it and make it a church. Don' look the right way for a church to be gwine under groun' but Fader 'Dadro says it's going to be fine.

Dr. P. Tell Father Ordadro that I called and (*Giving small coin.*) don't "disremember" my name again.

Dod. Thankee kindly Mars Doctor.

Exit DR. POLYLOP.

Dod. Lem—me—see, dars two bits to buy Ama a red ribbon—she's a mouty sweet gal; Mars is always wantin' me to marry Brack Lil—catch me!—an' dars fo' bits to buy Ama a pa'r of gloves. Won't she be proud er dem gloves. O, here comes Mars Bernreb (*hastily putting money in his pocket*) wants me to look out for dat gal and Cardrac. He tinks I don' see nuffin. Help him git dat gal? help de wolf cotch de lamb. "to be sure," ha ha.

Enter BERNREB.

Dod. Mornin' Mars Bernreb, I's hopin' you's well.

Bern. How are you Dod. Has Madam Egrafarge been here, or any of the others, about money?

Dod. No, Mars, but Mars Cardrac, has been here, an' he's jest a gambler, an' a cheatin' gambler. When he was er playin' up ter yer house the odder night he jes' cheated ebery deal, jes don' yer play wid him Mars, better safe den sorry Mars, better safe den sorry.

Bern. To be sure. You need hardly worry about that, Dod. How do you get along here? Have you any money?

Dod. Git along well, but haint seed no money sence you was here last. I was jes wantin' to buy Lil a ribbon, but hadn't no money.

Bern. Here Dod, (*giving money*). Now keep your eyes open, and your ears open, and tell Father Ordadro that I called and very much regret his absence.

Dod. Sartin Master, much obliged for de money.

Exit BERNREB.

Mars jis breaking his heart to see Fader 'Dadro, "to be sure," ha, ha, nudder fo' bits—now Dod you's jes a mean lyin' nigger. You don' got dem fo' bits fa'r. If Ama and Fader 'Dadro don' help you, I's 'fraid you aint nebber going to get up dar whar dey aint no slaves, and dey's all so good and happy, and don' nebber have ter steal nuffin, I's moghty 'fraid you aint nebber agwine ter git on de fur side of dem pearly gates.

Exit Dod.

END OF SCENE II.

ACT I.

SCENE III.

SCENE III.—*The Egrafarge Lawn.*MADAM EGRAFARGE and BERNREB *Discovered.*

Bern. Ah, Madam, like a restless boy I cannot brook delay; though half my fortune, yet the day Adeda marries me this mortgage shall be yours with full release.

Mad. E. Poor child, she is too young to choose. The match might prove distasteful. Grant us yet a little time.

Bern. Poor? yes, so poor, so very poor that this her only shelter is of right my own. The claim is long past due; time speeds away; these cares press sorely on your failing health. You need not give command, say but one word and all this treasured home with acres broad shall soon be truly yours.

Mad. E. How could you wed her an unwilling bride?

Bern. O, do not think of that, my only thought in life shall be Adeda's happiness.

Mad. E. (*With gesture to desist.*) Adeda comes.

Bern. Then let this (*Display of deed.*) overrule all vain conceit.

Exit BERNREB.

Mad. E. That mortgage deed. What shall I do! Adeda shall not wed against her will to save our home.

Enter ADEDA.

Ade. You seem distressed my dearest aunt, can I not render aid?

Mad. E. Only a little indisposed. To-night the Reverend Priest Ordadro will attend the opening of the squirrels' cave; we can forget our cares amid the happy throng.

Ade. Thanks my dear aunt. That noble, generous man! Please let me place my dagger in his hands? Through Nellen I have learned most wondrous things of this strange instrument, and that my fate in some mysterious way rests with this steel. Ah, how I long to know its history. My dear good uncle said it was my own and greatly prized; how came it mine? There is no stain upon its polished blade? On the fair fame of all our relatives is there no blot,—that this may call to mind?

Mad. E. O, no, for we have no dishonored names.

Ade. But mine, dear aunt, what do you know of mine?

Mad. E. Dear child, my heart,—would curb my willing tongue.

Ade. O, tell me all! lest my reluctant thoughts be urged in paths from which they shuddering shrink.

Mad. E. Ah, I have gone too far, and cannot now return. (*Taking Adeda's hand.*) During an awful storm, some sixteen years ago, while your loved uncle was at sea, a ship, o'erthrown by fiercest blast was wrecked before his eyes. With desperate efforts they essayed to succor those on board. One struggling seaman only, wounded, bruised, insensible, was saved. Clapsed in his faithful arms was firmly held a child, pale, cold and pulseless, but the sailor's zealous efforts brought its stifled breath back to the tiny lungs, while that brave man to whom she owed her life, breathed never more. A belt upon the infant tightly clapsed, held the scant clothing that the waves had spared, and this strange implement. Upon the clasp which held the belt, within a jewelled wreath—a single word was traced.

Ade. What word dear aunt?

Madam E. A tender word; to utter it—wings from my heart what ne'er can be replaced, only thy name, Adeda.

Ade. Merciful heaven, 'tis all too plain. I have no aunt, no niece am I—merely a nameless waif that clung in utter helplessness to fond compassion; without the slightest claim upon the patient love that guided all my early wayward days.

Madam E. Ah, no, my niece, no father's fondest love could e'er exceed that which your uncle gladly gave to you. And mine!—Adeda needs no words to learn its depths.

Ade. And you are still my own dear aunt; what constant, boundless gratitude I owe.

Madam E. Each shadowy clew was traced with utmost care to learn your parentage. Like cries from those in mountain canyons lost, vague echoes only came to mock our inquiries. The belt in some mysterious way was stolen; nothing remains from that most piteous wreck save this (*taking dagger*) and our Adeda.

Ade. (*Looking intently at dagger.*) Oh, thou strange instrument, only thy slender blade between Adeda and oblivion. Farcraf? Farcraf? Dear aunt whence came that name?

Madam E. Punctured, as is the seaman's wont, upon the faithful, toil-worn hand that grasped your belt, in clasp that death itself could not relax, was found the name of Farcraf;—this, your good uncle gave at once to you.

Ade. Ah! never more, on brawny hands by honest labor stamped, may your Adeda's eyes unheeding rest!

Madam E. The fond illusion that you were my sister's child has slowly grown upon my heart with touching tendrils numberless; I cannot bear to tear it all away and tell the world you are no relative of mine. Let me entreat that no one, save yourself,

should know these torturing truths, and my brief years be spared such agony.

(*Exit* MADAM EGRAFARGE.)

Ade. How I long to meet the good Ordadro—to tell him all that I have learned—so much, and yet so very little—But my kind aunt's injunction—Ah, can this telltale face impound such revelation?—That fête to-night—how can I go—yet I must see Ordadro—and Dramard—he *was* in all my thoughts—then had I never heard Ordadro's voice. Thus turbulently thinking but o'erwhelms me, as did the seas that fatal ship. To the Indian maid (*looking at dagger*) these shadowy shapes were real—Thou gentle image that doth call to mind the Savior's love, O, tell me of my parents' fond affection. What relatives of mine have looked into these jewelled eyes? Was it a trembling mother's hand that clasped her belt upon the helpless child and placed it in the noble sailor's charge?—Perhaps my father had ere then been swept to the relentless ocean's depths. Why could I not have clung to them? What history dost thou imprison? Hast thou no message for my hungry heart, no little word of all that thou couldst tell? Give me—thou tempting blade—some intimation from the Spirit land, lest one determined thrust send my freed soul as messenger from thee.

Close in.

END OF SCENE III.

ACT I.

SCENE IV.

SCENE IV.—*Squirrel's Cave.*

HALLAH, ENELENE, GIRDRIG, ANYNA *and other peasant youths and maidens dancing. Indians, peasants and negroes in the background.*

Ene. What a beautiful church Father Ordadro will make of this old cave; but, (*with a shudder*) they tell me it is haunted.

Hal. Oh, no we have explored it even to the squirrel's home. We saw no ghosts.

Ene. Dramard said an altar would be placed against that wall, how lovely it would be. But then—the ghosts.

Hal. Ah, don't be frightened. You'd hardly like to come here all alone.

Ene. Well—no—not to the altar all alone.

Gird. What a heap of talk. Let's have another dance.

Ene. Oh, no, let's have a song.

All. A song, a song.

Dod. (*Sings:*)

1.

Dare was a gentle maiden,
Dat owned a hansum flat,
Who nebber had a lubber
But had a lubly cat;
And much she longed to marry,
Do pruddish and all dat
Dis longin', lubin' maiden
Wid a beatus tortois cat.

2.

Der was a dapper fellow
Wid a glossy shinin' head,
Who had a lubly poodle
Dat was purely pug nose bred;
He nebber had a sweetheart,
Do much he wished to wed,
Dis fully forty feller,
Wid a lap stone lookin' head.

3.

One day he met de maiden
Wid her tortoise tabby cat,
An' bof was much delighted,
But he darsent raise his hat;
Dis fellow shallow pated,
Longed for the maid an' flat;
Do nothing he so hated
As a petted purrin' cat.

4.

He called to court the maiden,
As the poodle follered in
De shaggy dog and tabby
Jes raised an awful din;
Den each to stop their fightin'
Took part in sad affright,
He got a dreadful scratchin',
She had a fearful bite.

5.

At length this man and maiden
Had almost come to blows,
De cat clung to his bald pate,
De dog snapped at her nose,
He blanked her tearin' tomat;
She said you wulger pig,
Go take that pug nosed puppy
And make yoursef a wig.

6.

Alas! the dog was martyred,
Poor tabby's fate was sealed,
De maid died broken hearted,
His scalp was never healed.
Den heed this timely warnin',
All dose to wed inclined,
Wheneber you go courtin',
Leave all your pets behind.

Enter ORDADRO, BERNREB, DRAMARD *with his mother*, ADEDA *and*
NELLEN.

Ord. Kind friends, your joyous faces seem to light these gorgeous rooms, while nature's brilliant walls reflect a welcome that a prince would prize.

Bern. Why was this called the squirrel's cave?

Nel. Many ages since, a slender Osage band was here surprised by Shawnee braves; nearly o'ercome by much superior force, our warriors found a refuge in this cave, and held their hated enemies at bay; but hunger, more relentless still, drove them to desperate straits. At length from deadly guarded entrance far remote, they found a squirrel's store of winter food—more prized than fairest gems—and traced his narrow pathway to the welcome light. With broken pendants from these glistening walls, plied most

assiduously, the little rodent's entrance was enlarged, when the freed captives, fiercely fell upon their unsuspecting foes, so suddenly that few escaped. Since then the squirrel has been held in reverence, and this is called his cave.

Ord. (*To BERNREB.*) Did you observe the fair Adeda? Such rare intelligence with wondrous grace and beauty in so young a maid would indicate her ancestors for many generations had possessed both wealth and cultivation.

Bern. Such indications are deceptive, I knew them well. Lived near them by the sea. They were of peasant origin, her father lost by shipwreck, her mother, the fisher's wife, a kindly soul, soon died of grief, leaving the waif a few months old to her good aunt, the mother's sister, who reared and loved her as her own.

Ord. In feature, manner, form and voice strangely dissimilar. (*ADEDA, coming forward with NELLEN, gives her the dagger which she places in ORDADRO's hands.*)

Nel. This is Adeda's heirloom, is it not superbly jewelled?

Ord. What a rare weapon, with exquisite perfection has been wrought this image of our Savior. The eyes seem luminous and changeable. That cruel spear is here recalled by bleeding Garnet, which the girdle holds. Like forms fantastic in the northern sky, gleam drifting shapes along the blade. The eye and touch that traced these clinging vines about the Savior's feet, saw not the leaves, but the great master's hand. Whence came this wondrous treasure?

Bern. One Plotolp, in New York, a queer old man, made instruments like this. His defective sight discerned but dim confusion, save at two inches distance, when his eyes became as microscopes. A sly art in the polishing caused each observer's breath to trail like clouds across the steel. This must be one of those I saw them making in his shop.

Ord. Engraven delicately—a monogram is here, wherein the letter C seems most conspicuous.

Bern. O, to be sure, I well remember now the letter C in those that I examined.

(*ADEDA comes forward and receives dagger.*)

Ad. (*Excitedly.*) Good father, I am told you promised to recite a poem. Tell us some story of the ocean's fearful power, or noble deeds brave seamen dare, mid mountain waves, where sweep those storms inexorable.

Ord. Fair maid, I fear my labored lines may hardly match
thine improvising.

(ORDADRO recites. ADEDA listens with intense interest. At intervals
repeating a line.)

1.
Through all thy wide domain,
Far reaching Sea,
Have men, in contest vain,
Striven with thee:
Sweep thy long rolling waves,
Over their piteous graves,
Over unnumbered braves,
Relentless Sea.

2.
Who can withstand thy grasp,
Unyielding Sea?
Who rend thy chilling clasp,
Who cope with thee?
What thought with courage rare
Brave hearts did nobly dare,
None would thy fierce waves spare,
Insatiate Sea.

(ADEDA repeats.)

3.
In thy vast caverns deep,
Unfathomed Sea,
Wrapped in their endless sleep,
Shrouded by thee,
Lie, many a tender child,
Strong man and matron mild,
Under thy waters wild,
Unfeeling Sea.

4.
Fond hearts with heavy fears
Unheeding Sea,
Await, too oft in tears,
Friends trusting thee;

Long wait in lingering pain
For those they ne'er regain,
Loved ones whom thou hast slain,
Thou torturing Sea.

(ADEDA repeats.)

5.
Numberless grass-grown graves,
Most heartless Sea,
Filled by thy hungry waves,
Rest near to thee;
But 'neath thy swelling tide,
Sleep more than all beside—
O'er them thy mad storms ride
Remorseless Sea.

(ADEDA repeats.)

6.
No monumental stone,
Oh, ruthless Sea,
With solemn requiem tone
Is raised by thee.
Weirdly the tempest raves,
Moaning mid surging waves,
Over thy cruel graves,
Heart-rending Sea.

(ADEDA repeats.)

7.
But a far mightier hand,
Presumptuous Sea,
Ruling o'er sea and land,
Gives bounds to thee.
By Him thy storms are led;
By Him whose voice hath said,
Thou shalt give up thy dead,
Thou proud-waved Sea.

(ADEDA swoons. BERNREB eagerly strives to obtain the dagger, which
falls, but is prevented by NELLEN, who places her foot thereon.)

Curtain.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SCENE I.—*Lawn in front of MADAM EGRAFARGE'S house (two years later).*

(DRAMARD *discovered.*)

Dra. (*Writing.*) The Northwest quarter of the Southeast quarter and the Northeast quarter of the South—Heavens, what a tract—the Northwest quarter of the—Confound the man who first invented this way of designating lands.

Enter ENELENE.

Ene. Did you call, sir?

Dra. Yes, I called.

Ene. O, Lordy I did'nt hear, and came as quickly as I could.

Dra. Called loudly too, for patience—and other things I had no business to call for. Where is Adeda, I think she can help me.

Ene. Can't I help you?

Dra. What, you help designate lands?

Ene. O Lordy no, if I could only desecrate the house, I leave the land to men folks.

Dra. Do you know where Adeda is?

Ene. She had'nt got home an hour, after being gone two years, before she went off to see that Indian girl. O goody, goody, here comes Hallah.

(*Enter HALLAH, excitedly, with GIRDRIG equipped for hunting. GIRDRIG offers to shake hands with ENE., who does not see him.*)

Hal. Dramard—Dramard, there is a fine band of buffalo a short distance out, get ready as soon as possible—Let's go for them. Be in a hurry.

Dra. The Northeast quarter—

Hal. Hang all the quarters. We'll have glorious sport,

Through the forest, and over the plain,
With lofty toss of his flowing mane,
And nostrils swelling in proud disdain,
My gallant charger speeds.

Give me your rifle, I will be loading, hurry. Hurrah!

Gird. Don't forget your hunting knife.

Hal. Forget nothing, but hurry.

Gird. Enelene forgets nothing.

(*ENELENE evidently slighted.*)

Hal. Girdrig, you sit there as if there were no buffaloes within a thousand miles. Hullo, good morning Enelene, you look as handsome as—as—handsome as a buffalo.

Enc. You are as ugly as a buffalo. Can you sing the buffalo song?

Hal. We have no time, hurry Dramard, hurry.

Gird. As Oldlo says, you have all there is.

Dra. True, and it's a thing you can't send out and buy.

Hal. Were the price a shilling for a century, my funds would hardly buy a short ten minutes wait—hurry.

Enc. Please sing the buffalo hunting song.

Hal. (*Sings, all joining in the chorus.*)

1.

Across the rolling prairie,
Our coursers prancing gayly,
The bison band we near
And charge with lusty cheer,
In wildest cadence singing,
With countless hoof beats ringing,
Ah, naught can joy bestow } *Repeat.*
Like hunting buffalo;
We chase with steed
At fleetest speed,
The lordly buffalo;
With furious steed
At fleetest speed
The ponderous buffalo.

2.

Our frenzied chargers spurring,
The maddest risks incurring,
With muscle, eye and brain
All roused to utmost strain,
Our ready rifles aiming,
Each shot a bison claiming,
In thrilling joy we glow } *Repeat.*
As fall the buffalo.
We charge with steed
At swiftest speed,
The ponderous buffalo,
With dauntless steed,
At headlong speed,
We chase the buffalo.

(*Rush off swinging guns.*)

Exeunt.

Lawn at residence of MADAM EGRAFARGE.

ADEDA and NELLEN enter. (ADEDA at easel drawing.)

Ade. The Reverend Priest Ordadro still remains?

Nel. He does, and gains in influence daily; commands respect from all, and leads to nobler, better lives. In the squirrel's cave an altar has been placed, with pictures of the Holy Virgin, and of many saints, blessed by the Pope.

Ade. I remember well the magic words he uttered there two years ago; surely no sermons can compare with his.

Nel. Dramard admires him much, still those grand truths to him are visionary.

Ade. It cannot be that he grows unbelieving.

Nel. Alas, 'tis true, he thinks far more of land and all that he calls tangible. (*Moving as if to withdraw.*)

Ade. O, you speak of Dramard, my thoughts were then upon Ordadro.

Nel. Dramard is often absent, time moves but slowly when he is not here. Farewell.

Ade. Farewell, kind friend.

(*Exit NELLEN.*)

Ade. This garnet in the Savior's girdle seems to hold a crimson drop. Turn now the weapon as I may, the same ensanguined globule keeps its place; so marked it is my contradicting touch is scarce accredited. Thus on my heart has slowly grown a treasured image, turn as I may, there is it firmly held, ever about to go, but never shaken off. At times when striving for its banishment, I shudder lest it fall.

Enter ORDADRO.

Ade. Father Ordadro!

Ord. Most gladly is Adeda welcomed home. How have I missed thee!

Ade. Only the closest study could assuage Adeda's longing for her home—and friends.

Ord. (*Looking at easel.*) Your drawing of an ocean storm is very striking; why should the sea so much engross your thoughts?

Ade. I have heard a story of the ocean's cruel wrath, wherein a noble sailor, crushed amid a shattered wreck, still strove to save a helpless child. Rigid was found the generous hand, that grasped the infant's belt, past all relaxing, yet the child was saved. That struggling seaman's face besieges in my dreams.

Ord. Framed in your vivid words the touching scene seems real.

Ade. A painting that I much desire to own, though far beyond my means, in part the scene portrays. My tastes too often overrun my slender purse.

Ord. 'Tis said content takes leave where taste and means contend. I trust Adeda may not lose so rare a prize.

Ade. Ah, no, the saying is not always true, for generous taste, with skilful care, will often gain sweet-faced content.

Ord. Beyond all thought of compass, gleams before my eager soul a vision beatific. Teach me such skilful care; that which I fain would gain, sweet-faced content itself might envy.

Ade. As province of our sex, to learn far more becomes, than would the teaching you implore.

Ord. Thou fairest of the fair, celestial must have been thy birth. Who in thy lovely presence can remain unmoved? (*Taking ADEDA's hand.*)

Ade. The Reverend Father over-borne by swiftly thronging human thoughts, the sacred obligations of his holy office, doth—perchance—forget.

Ord. Ah, may the incarnation of dear purity divine, keep from my heart all stainful thought, and make its innocence as clear as that which shines refulgent in thy glance.

Ade. Adeda trusts thy prayer sincere. The truthful eyes that meet her frankest gaze can surely never harbor wrong.

Ord. Why should the priest crush out the pure absorbing love that would enthrall his soul with rapture, and make all earth and air instinct with radiant joy?

Ade. Is there more noble use for boundless love than teaching great and generous action, guiding less thoughtful souls to see the beautiful in virtue, truth and charity; leading to joys immortal?

Ord. Thy glorious words grow larger than they mean, as if, with tones inspired, thy voice had grasped those joys, to lavish them, as spring her flowers, on all about thee. Adeda, I love thee. O! how I love thee! heaven that gave thy wondrous charms cannot condemn for loving thee.

Ade. May not thy calling's ponderous wall, whose shadow chills the rapture from thine ardent words, shut out such sweet regard?

Ord. What are all callings when compared with that supreme regard which only heaven itself can give. 'Tis greater, stronger, than aught else beneath the sun. Of all the Deity hath made for man, the grandest gift, is noble, holy, love. This binds my throbbing heart immutably to thee.

Ade. My grateful ears, despite remonstrance, grant their blushing welcome to thy glowing words.

Ord. Adeda!

Ade. Ordadro!

Curtain.

END OF SCENE I.

ACT II.

SCENE II.

SCENE II.—*Squirrel's Cave.*

(*Enter BERNREE with caution. Clothing slightly soiled.*)

Bern. To meet Adeda in this wretched state would be disastrous. But I have found their squirrel's entrance—(*Looks about, finds place of concealment back of column*). This is the realm of that most innocent of priests, and here will I await him. When with his fellows—each is but—what he would have them estimate. Alone, and only so, is every man sincere. Bending in prayer, Ordadro's soul, bare, undisguised, will here be open to my vision;—and if my vague suspicions are confirmed—(*Half draws dagger.*)—That quiet altar looks reproachfully at this infernal sacrilege. (*Puts away dagger and crosses himself.*) Adeda's prayers are offered here. So fair she is—so pure and beautiful—that I forget her fortune, dreaming of Adeda—my Adeda! O heaven that I were free, —and innocent—at that sweet altar with Adeda, I might be a man again. (*Covers face with hands.*) Bah! enough of this, infatuate fool. Ah, the priest is surely coming now.—If that fair maid is lost to me—then shall they think the very deil himself inhabits here. (*Drawing dagger.*) Rather than see a fellow-man possess Adeda—though it might plunge my soul—down to perdition—I would, in her fair breast, with grinding teeth, exulting thrust this murderous steel. (*Starts.*) This must be the priest—Now let my ear and weapon both be keen.

Enter ADEDA and ENELENE (with flowers).

Ade. How beautiful this consecrated cave.

Ene. I think it's awful. (*Putting down basket and crossing herself.*) O Miss Adeda, I wish Hallah was here. I'm so afraid. This dreadful cave is haunted. (*Starting.*) There! there! I heard something. There's lots of dead old Indians in here. There,—there—Don't stay Miss Adeda, don't stay here.

Ade. Do not be alarmed, more justly may we fear ourselves than any ghost in this dear sanctuary. Give me the open wreath.

Ene. Bless my soul, I can't find it. For sure it isn't in the basket. I must have left it.

Ade. What, the large wreath for Raphael's painting?

Ene. It's too bad. I forgot it. Shall I go and bring it? You can't stay here alone. O lordy no.

Ade. Never fear for me good girl. Go, bring the wreath.

(Exit ENELENE making sign of cross, etc.)

Ade. How wonderful this speaking silence. Ordadro's magic words still seem to cling about these graceful crystal arches. Ordadro worships here, and here the penitent forget their woes, borne on his thrilling tones up to the Savior's radiant throne of joy—(*Bernreb is seen threatening or imploring.*) (*Starting.*) Did I not hear a step? (*Listens.*) Ah, no—surely naught that lives can be so base as here to do a wrong. How hath Ordadro made these touching emblems tell, of truth and love and purity, Ordadro noblest one, all things however great or good, become exalted in thy hands.—Again I seem to hear a step,—and yet, there is no sound,—'Tis naught—That which informs the Indian maid of dangers near would send Ordadro as Adeda's shield, should peril come.

(Arranging flowers about altar, chanting.)

Enter ORDADRO.

Ord. Dearest Adeda.

Ade. Ordadro, long before thy welcome step's approach, forebodings o'er me swept, then throbbed the thought, Ordadro comes, and in my bounding heart each joyful beat gave glad assurance of thy swift advance.

Ord. That wondrous, thoughtful, timeless, spaceless, force—through earth and air, resistless, permeate, that bursts each bud, and guides the fall of leaf, or foot, or flash of wing, with mandate touch, unfelt, on every human hand, or wish—has brought Ordadro at Adeda's need.

Ade. Clasp thy trustful hand, what should Adeda wish, or fear.

Ord. As thy lithe form was poised, to bind sweet flowers, and o'er these emblems spread thy fragrant blooms, so fair thou art, it seemed an angel dream.

Ade. Most grateful task, to deck the altar where thy prayers ascend.

Ord. Only to humbler minds these emblems serve as guides; we need no aid, for our full souls may grasp the mightier truths and form a part of this vast universe of love. Ah, what to us are forms, or laws of men? Are we not one in endless, holy love? Kneel thou with me, while I shall place this ring upon thy hand, emblem of our immortal love.

Ade. To thee Adeda gives her holy love.

Ord. Here in this awful presence we our truthful hearts and hands each to the other pledge, in sacred love, while our rapt souls are joined eternally.

Ade. In endless, sacred love.

Ord. May heaven, sole witness of this solemn scene, it's choicest blessings grant.

(BERNREB *is seen in agony and wrath.*)

Curtain.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SCENE I.—BERNREB'S *House*.

BERNREB, CARDRAC and DOD *disclosed*. *B. and C. playing cards.*

(Cigars, glasses, etc.)

Bern. Confound your luck Cardrac. Three negroes lost. You never lose, that is when aught of value is at stake.

Card. No intimations. You yourself may deal.

Bern. (*Shuffling cards.*) The negro woman Lil against the boy?

Card. Stake but your mortgage deed against three slaves and I will play.

Bern. Not with me, no Cardrac. I will not pledge my claim on Madam Egrafarge.

Card. I stake four slaves against that mortgage deed.

Bern. One thousand dollars more and I will play.

Card. Agreed. Here's half the sum and for the rest I pledge my slaves. (*BERNREB hesitates, looking alternately at deed and money.*) Plank down the deed, the banter was your own.

Bern. But I must deal?

Card. You may deal and you shall deal fairly too.

Bern. (*After dealing.*) Just my luck!

Card. Pass.

Bern. The club's turned down.

Card. Then hearts are trumps. (*They play.*)

Bern. With hearts I never win.

Card. The mortgage on the Egrafarge estate—is mine.

Bern. (*Springing up, grasping the deed and drawing a pistol.*) I'll never give it up.

(*CARDRAC also springs up and draws a pistol. BERNREB fires and advances with a dagger.*)

Dod. O lordy, lordy!

Exit Dod.

Card. Halt! A single step is death. Ah, sir, you missed your mark. Put down that mortgage deed.

Bern. Well now, Cardrac, I am told you are generous, you have won my negroes, let me keep the deed; you little know how much it is to me. If you have a wife—

Card. A wife ! Who told you that I had a wife? We'll settle this at once. Your only witness saw your shot at me, now you will do as I shall bid.

Bern. Well, well. I submit—but,—but—I won't give up the deed.

Card. Bernreb beware, (*drawing another pistol*) you know my skill. This left hand aim shall crush the flask above your head. (*CARDRAC shatters flask. BERNREB startled drops dagger.*) First, you will remember that I have no wife. And now put down that deed. Put down that mortgage deed. (*BERNREB reluctantly puts down the deed, which CARDRAC eagerly grasps.*)

Bern. You've won both slaves and deed. Now shoot me and be done.

Card. (*Puts deed in envelope.*) Ah! this shall gain my priceless pearl! Keep the negroes, cringing hound, but mark me well, Bernreb will never breathe one word of Cardrac's wife.

Exit CARDRAC.

Bern. (*Looking at pistol.*) O, thou false friend! Why did I trust to thee? More whisky, Dod, more whisky. (*It is brought and B. drinks.*) Fool, fool! consummate fool! (*Drinks until excited but not intoxicated.*) Bernreb is worse than fool!—(*To the glass.*) Ah, this! this! this it is that ruins all! (*Dashes glass against wall.*)

Exit BERNREB.

END OF SCENE I.

ACT III.

SCENE II.

SCENE II.—MADAM EGRAFARGE'S *Residence (Lawn).*

ADEDA and CARDRAC *discovered.*

Card. Exceedingly do I regret not having met your kind aunt, Madam Egrafarge, for I soon journey southwardly. This package will I leave for her.

Ade. Thanks neighbor Cardrac, and in her hands it shall at once be placed. (*Taking package.*)

Card. To part from all the sunshine of this lovely home, is not to me an idle task, I could not go without first taking leave of you Adeda.

Ade. I trust your journey may be prosperous, on your return as with our many friends, we shall be glad to welcome you again.

Card. Thanks for your promise, yet could I wish—more cordial greeting—than you grant—to all—your many friends.

Ade. Assuredly, most cordial is the welcome we extend to all.

Card. Would that my welcome,—were but more than all.

Ade. Should grasping friendship be more highly prized?

Card. With generous friendship would I grasp the prize, nor curb the welcome that extends to all.

Ade. A steed o'er driven may not need the curb.

Card. Beauteous Adeda, would you see a wounded bird beating its useless wings, in vain attempt at flight, almost beneath your hands?

Ade. A bird thus fluttered at a maiden's feet; in pity for its pain she gave a few brief days' protection and the wings were healed, when, with a joyful burst of song, it sped away, and never more returned.

Card. For truant's flight retractive, did the maid,—with slightest longing,—never—kindly—glance?

Ade. Ah, no? for who would keep him from a fitting mate?

Card. Though not with joy, yet asking blessings on Adeda still—I take my leave.

Ade. Thanks, and farewell, good friend, farewell.

Exit CARDRAC.

Now, like that glad recovered bird, my thoughts, on swift rejoicing wings, speed to Ordadro.

1.

Ah, vain were Apollo—Latona's delight—
So peerless in person, and music and might,
Though, gracefully agile, he "sprang to the light,"
For fondly my heart and most proudly my hand,
Have I pledged to Ordadro. Ordadro the grand.

2.

So majestic thy form and benignant thy face,
Thy mien so exalted, yet instinct with grace,
That the stamp of thy rank is the Deity's trace,
And there needs neither patent or title nor land
To render thee noble, Ordadro the grand.

3.

Like the flash of an arrow, or vehement flight
Of a far gleaming meteor, whose star dimming light,
With swift streaming glory enkindles the night,
So speed all my thoughts at love's thrilling command
To the noble Ordadro, Ordadro the grand.

Enter MADAM EGRAFARGE.

Ade. Ah, dear aunt, Mr. Cardrac called, and regretting that you were away, has left this package.

Mad. E. Thanks. (*Opens the package and reads.*) "Dear "Madam, learning that the Bernreb mortgage, encumbering your "estate had proved a source of much anxiety, both to yourself and "friends, it has, perchance, with more than neighbor's liberty, "been purchased for your own account, and is herewith enclosed "with full release from all its liabilities. If at some future time "you should desire to reimburse the sum, it can be done; mean- "while the writer trusts you may await request therefor. With "great respect, your friend and servant, Cardrac."

Ade. Thoughtful, kind, polite and wondrous generous, but Ah, me! My trivial words and blind ingratitude!

Mad. E. Unspeakably I thank him, yet is the obligation far too large. I know not what to do.

Ade. What sorrows center in a mortgage deed?

Mad. E. 'Tis said he has become a gambler, what if he next should ask your hand?

Ade. That can be thought upon, when—he shall ask, my dearest aunt—I cannot think he is dishonest, his conduct seems so gentlemanly kind. Alas, how can the generous sum be paid?

Exit ADEDA.

Mad. E. Adeda wed a gambler! Impossible. I should almost as soon expect her to be married to a priest.

(*Close in.*)

END OF SCENE II.

ACT III.

SCENE III.

SCENE III.—*Priest's house.*

(*ORDADRO writing at table.*)

Ord. How can I bind my thoughts at duty's call? On every page I read Adeda. My pen shapes that fond word unwittingly. (*Moves about.*) The very air breathes of Adeda's love—Adeda! Each sound of gladness speaks thy name. All things of beauty but enfold thy form. Material nature's boundless charms from thy dear image seem to gain ethereal joys. (*Takes paper from table and reads.*)

1.

Thou lovely Adeda
My heart's fondest treasure
To meet thee again, how I ardently long;
Our bosoms shall thrill with a joy beyond measure,
Your hand's gentle pressure
Enhancing each pleasure,
While chanting together in love's glowing song,
O fairest Adeda
In love's glowing song.

2.

Ah! dearest Adeda
Thou infinite treasure
To love thee, my angel, can never be wrong,
With a love as ennobling, as boundless in measure:
We will worship together,
Most exquisite pleasure!
Our full souls exulting in rapturous song,
O, lovely Adeda
In rapturous song.

(*Puts down paper.*) (*Enter NELLEN.*)

Nel. Father Ordadro.

Ord. Welcome kind Nellen. I trust you are not ill? This wearied voice tells of your patient vigils far too much prolonged.

Nel. Our friend, the injured miner does not gain, and may to-night find his release from earthly pain. The good physician thinks, should he awake at six, the same sad symptoms still continuing, there could be little hope of his recovery, and bade me ask your kind attendance at that hour.

Ord. I will come. This constant care is sorely wearing, Nellen herself must need repose.

Nel. O, no; for what were mere fatigue while such a helpless sufferer lies, with neither faith or thought at last extreme? The teachings of our holy church seem naught, truthful and upright though he is,—and unbelieving goes—to his appalling fate! Farewell.

Ord. And goes,—to his appalling fate! Appalling fate! At six I will assuredly attend. Farewell.

Exit NELLEN.

His appalling fate!—And can I ask the dying to believe or perish?—Accept perdition guarded creed, as voice of Deity? What throngs of fierce besieging doubts assail a thinking soul! Teach faith though reason may revolt?—ascribe to Him the halting words of man?—delude with joys unearned, or griefs as undeserved?—

debase the infinite to our restricted thought, and deem the universe as solely made for human molecule on this bare needle point of Globe?—Remorseless fate! O, why am I a priest? (*Removes priestly robe disclosing Spanish costume. Takes up sword.*) Sword of my ancestors! Never drawn in an ignoble cause, though bravely borne on many a well-contested field, with my full health and restless strength, in righteous cause, how could I wield thy gleaming blade,—did not that fatal vow debar.—What would I do?—May I set up my puny thought against the solemn edicts of our holy church? Truths sealed with blood a thousand times? Those awful truths for which the church proclaims the Son himself hath died? Never, no, never! From this time forth I will be loyal to the voice of Rome. But Adeda—loved Adeda—must I give thee up? Farewell ambition—(*Throws away sword.*) Farewell all glorious independent thought. (*Resumes priest's robe. Goes to the table, takes up paper just read.*) Adeda! Dearest Adeda! can I give thee up?—Ah, what have I to do with human love, whose only thought should be to save men from unending woe,—thus from my heart's core do I tear thy beauteous image!—(*Tears up paper.*) Thus crush it to oblivion! (*Stamps on paper.*)

Enter ADEDA.

Ade. Ordadro!

Ord. O, heaven have mercy—have mercy!

Ade. Ordadro! what evil hath befallen thee?

Ord. Kind heaven my path direct, and aid me in this awful hour.

Ade. Thou hast no sorrow that Adeda may not share.

Ord. Thy words seem daggers in my censuring breast, thy gentle tones but stings of fierce remorse.

Ade. No desperate pain can wring thy tortured soul, that thine Adeda's longing heart may not assuage. Ordadro! dost thou shrink from me?

Ord. Go!

Ade. Adeda go! heard I aright?

Ord. Yes go! O! go. Come thou not here—leave me—not in anger,—but go. O go! and let me never, never see thy lovely face again.

Ade. Angry! Pierced by thy cruel words, this writhing anguish leaves but narrow space for anger.—Spurned! Spurned! Adeda spurned?

Curtain.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

SCENE I.—*Forest Scene on the Bank of the Mississippi.*

BERNREB and GIRDRIG *discovered.*

Bern. You are mistaken Girdrig, Enelene does not care a fig for Hallah, it is the priest she loves.

Gird. O no, I tell you again, I know it's Hallah. Ah! if we could get "shut" of him I should be solid with the gal.

Bern. That crafty priest is all that bars your way. Don't quarrel foolishly with Hallah whom she does not love, and—he shoots most excellently.

Gird. I don't care "shucks" for that. We'll have a fair, square fight, the one that wins shall take the gal.

Bern. Girdrig, a man moves straight to gain his end, a woman more by indirection acts; so Enelene, who loves the priest would have you think 'twas Hallah.

Gird. O, it's Hallah, Father Ordadro said almost as much.

Bern. Hum—Father Ordadro! You little know that priest!

Gird. Ah, don't I know him well? The kindest, best of men. He wrote these lines to Enelene for me. Shall I sing them?
(*Produces paper.*)

Bern. O, no, no.

(*Taking the paper, BERNREB reads.*)

COME TO ME, DARLING.

(A LOVE SONG.)

1.

Come to me, come to me,
Longing I wait for thee,
Come to me dearest delight of my eyes,
Think of my loneliness,
Come with thy loveliness,
Enelene Darling, dear gift from the skies.

2.

Come to me trustfully,
Waiting so wistfully,
Lonely and longing while thou art not near,
Come like fair violet blooms,
Robed with loves rare perfumes
Joyously come to me, darling so dear.

Gird. My Enelene.

Bern.

3.

How my heart pleads for thee,
Loved one so dear to me,
Fondly entreating to meet thee once more,
Heed thou its wistfulness,
Come with thy blissfulness,
Come to me Enelene, come I implore.

4.

Come like the spring's coming,
Radiant with blossoming,
Dimly portraying the wealth of thy charms,
Come in thy gentleness,
Beaming with tenderness,
Come to me darling, O come to my arms.

Bern. For you that lying priest writes Enelene—while—
(*turning aside*) with wailing soul he pleads—as do I—Adeda, my
darling, O, come I implore.

Gird. I know not what you mean.

Bern. Ah! foolish boy to bear for villain priest his lines of love
to Enelene. That scoundrel priest laughs in his sleeve while you
poor dupes would fight for *his* sweet Enelene.

Gird. Can that be true?

Bern. True love was always blind. You'll surely lose the
maid.

Gird. I never dreamed of that. By heavens (*bringing up rifle*)
he shall not have my gal.

Bern. Now mark my words, your Enelene will daily go, with
books or flowers, or some excuse, to see his reverence. Look
closely to the priest.

Gird. Ah never fear, I'll watch the pious fraud. (*Swinging
rifle.*)

Bern. But don't be rash, for, should you shoot the priest, it
would be thought he had been killed by Indians, I would not have
them charged unjustly with the crime.

Gird. O hang the Indians. Hang the Indians. If he comes
between me and my gal I'll make priests scarce.

Exit GIRD.

Bern. Come to me darling! Come to me gosling. Thou silly
cat's paw, scorched in blundering wrath! Well have I braced thy
nerves to do the deed—to do the deed! Ah! would the deed were
done, the priest were dead.

Exit BERNREB.

Enter ENELENE.

Ene. I wish she had'n't sent me for that old teacher. Madam needn't feel so bad about Adeda's marrying. He's right nice looking. I'd have taken him. Most any husband is better than being lonely. Nobody gets the one they want. I just know I'll have to take Girdrig.

Enter BERNREB.

Bern. Why Enelene, how do you do—ha—ha—I'm glad to see you looking—

Ene. Stop that, I don't allow any man to chuck me under the chin. Leastways without they are better looking than you are. You've no call to be chucking folks under the chin.

Bern. To be sure Enelene, well never mind, but you are so fresh and handsome this morning. I—

Ene. Nobody can say that to you, and I want no palaverin', I have been two or three times to tell you that Madam Egrafarge wants to see you.

Bern. Indeed, but I have been absent. For what does the Madam desire to see me?

Ene. Well you see Miss Adeda has run away—

Bern. Adeda run away?

Ene. Yes, and she's married.

Bern. Married, good heavens! To—to—

Ene. O, Lordy, Mr. Bernreb, what's the matter, you don't look like you wanted to chuck nobody under the chin.

Bern. Yes, yes, but who did she marry?

Ene. O, my! but I never seen a man change like that.

Bern. But my good girl, who did Adeda marry?

Ene. She's married to Cardrac

Bern. No, no, don't say that, not married, and to Cardrac.

Ene. Yes she is, leastways that's what they all say, and Madam Egrafarge is just sick about it, and sent me for Father Ordadro. But he's got a fever and can see nobody, my goodness Mr. Bernreb how you look.

Bern. That gambling fiend has won,—my money, Enelene: it makes me wild with rage even to hear his name. There go, go tell Madam Egrafarge that I shall come directly—go, say I will come at once.

Ene. You must have played for mighty big stakes to take on like that. My! how he looks.

Exit ENELENE.

Bern. Lost, lost, Adeda lost, and Cardrac wins—what is life to me? That artful villain shrewdly played the fatal mortgage, her lofty spirit and her aunt's distress, until the maid was gained. I should have killed him e'er it came to this. But stop—she cannot love him while Ordadro lives. To earth's remotest end will I pursue them—I will not give Adeda up,—that infernal fiend,—if he shall love Adeda, then will I harrow all his soul with stories of Ordadro, and to Adeda will I swear that Cardrac's former wife still lives—perchance I yet may part them—but,—if—all else shall fail, by the eternal, Cardrac dies.

Close in.

END OF SCENE I.

ACT IV.

SCENE II.

SCENE II.—*Forest Scene on the Bank of the Mississippi. Two Weeks Later.*

GIRDRIG discovered.

Gird. (*Watching and waiting.*) How long it is now since the reverend father has been out. And can a rascal be so generous and kind? But still, as Bernreb said, the gal finds daily errand to the priest. Oh here she comes, and what a lovely face. Confound that priest—those flowers are for him. (*Conceals himself.*) It's awful mean to watch, but I must know the worst.

Enter ENELENE.

Ene. I'm dreadful lonely now that Hallah's gone, O dear I can't help crying, for I don't believe he cares at all for me. But then he is so handsome. (*Making a bouquet.*) How pretty that would be pinned on his hunting coat.

(*Sings.*)

O'er the prairie swiftly streaming,
On his gun the sunshine gleaming,
Every feature gladly beaming,
Hallah speeds a hunter free.
While I wait in sorrow bending,
All my songs in sadness ending,
Songs with sobs too often blending
Hallah never thinks of me;
All my thoughts to sadness tending,
Hallah never dreams of me.

It's just too bad for anything, he must have an Indian sweetheart. I will dry my eyes and try to never think of him again. Its awful

lonely, Adeda's gone, and Dod's gone, poor fellow it most broke his heart to leave his Ama, and Bernreb's gone, but that's good riddance—the old teacher! (*Sign of serpent.*) And Cardrac's gone. Now there is Girdrig, he's not gone; he's a fine brave fellow. He thinks lots of me, Girdrig, Girdrig? His name might sound right pretty in my song:

(*Sings.*)

Girdrig on his courser prancing,
While his eyes with sunshine dancing
Oft to me are kindly glancing,
Gallant Girdrig brave and free;
Never more in sorrow bending,
Songs with sobs no longer blending,
I will sing with this glad ending
Girdrig seems to care for me.
All my songs to gladness tending,
Girdrig surely cares for me.

Gird. That's true!

Ene. O! Lordy! (*Startled. Drops basket scattering flowers.*)

Gird. (*Sings.*)

Glorious song with joyous ending,
Enelene does think of me.

Ene. Why Girdrig! You—you mean, ugly thing you.—

Gird. Ah! Enelene if you will only forgive me this time I will never, never (*Gathering up flowers*) listen again. But—where are you going with all these flowers?

Ene. Carrying them to Father Ordadro.

Gird. Father Ordadro! Hm—O! yes—to the pious priest.

Ene. Yes, what harm can be in that?

Gird. (*Much hurt.*) O, no harm, not the least harm.

Ene. (*Entreating.*) Now Girdrig, pray what harm?

Gird. You're always taking something to that old priest.

Ene. He'll, be mighty old before you take any bod—anything to him.

Gird. It would be an awful long while before—I'd be in love with him.

Ene. O Girdrig, Girdrig listen: Before she left Adeda made me promise her to daily take some of her choicest flowers to the reverend father's house.

Gird. And—you—don't go to—see him for yourself?

Ene. Indeed I don't. Why should I go?

Gird. Enelene you are a jewel, a lovely jewel. Let me go with you to the priest?

Ene. I do not know about, a call upon the priest, so very, very soon.

Gird. O yes, yes come! I'll take the flowers, and I—I—have a ring.

Ene. Ah! Girdrig not to-day.

Gird. O yes, yes.

(*Sings.*)

With our voices fondly blending,
To the parson gladly wending,
While our songs have this sweet ending,

Both. I will always live for thee;
Enelene and Girdrig sending
Gentle friends, their heartfelt blessing,
Each to each it's joy extending,
They will ever faithful be,
Fondest hearts and voices blending,
Will forever faithful be.

Close in.

END OF SCENE II.

ACT IV.

SCENE III.

SCENE III.—BERNREB'S *Room in a New Orleans Hotel.*

BERNREB and DOD *Discovered.*

Bern. I am glad to meet you Dod, where is your master?

Dod. O, he's here in New Orleans: they didn't stay long in Mobile. You—you ain't done sold Ama, Mars?

Bern. No Dod; did you say your master and mistress were both well?

Dod. Yes Mars: Misses was sorter sick and queer like 'fore they come here, you ought to see her now, so gay and fine, wid all dem jewels and fine silk dresses; but den her laugh has got a kinder creep in it Mars—'tain't right Mars, someway 'tain't right.

Bern. Does your Master treat her well?

Dod. He's mouty proud on her, Mars, they's got the finest house and fixings you eber seed, and Mars Cardrac he jest shows her off like she was a queen, she's mouty smart; I hearn him tellin' he never seed no man as could play keerds like she do.

Bern. Playing cards,—Adeda gambling!

Dod. Mouty strange, ain't it? I say, Mars Bernreb, couldn't you git Mars Cardrac to buy Ama? He's got lots of money. I wouldn't mind nothin' else.

Bern. Ah, Dod, that most desired seems seldom gained.

Dod. Dat's so Mars, but jes' you try him. (*Knock at door.*)

Bern. I will see, come to-morrow. Good-bye.

Dod. Thank you kindly Mars, mornin'. (*Exit Dod.*)

Enter WAITER with card.

Bern. (*Reading card.*) Cornanroc, Cornanroc, Heavens if—tell him—er—please show the gentleman up.

Waiter. Yeser.

Exit WAITER.

Bern. Adeda's brother, by all that's merciful, one more infernal balk. Darkrad? None here have ever known me by that name. As Bernreb from Savannah he will not now suspect—hang it, I'll face it out.

Enter LORD CORNANROC.

Your servant sir.

Ld. C. Good morning Mr.—Bernreb is the name I think.

Bern. It is. Will you be seated sir? I have your lordship's card.

Ld. C. The landlord tells me that you have arrived but recently from Georgia, and I wish to learn about one Darkrad from that State. I trust you may excuse me for intruding.

Bern. Most certainly, what was the name sir?

Ld. C. Darkrad sir, Darkrad. A few years since he was in England looking up the Cornanroc estates, and had a belt upon the clasp of which our crest had been engraved, but became involved in some quite questionable acts, when suddenly he disappeared.

Bern. Darkrad? I do not now remember to have heard the name. What was the man's appearance?

Ld. C. I don't remember him, but from description I should say about your stature, with no peculiarity save a way of saying, "to be sure" or some such phrase.

Bern. Darkrad, Darkrad, the name does not occur to me, his occupation, do you know aught of that?

Ld. C. Very little. Many years before, my parents with an infant child, had sailed from Havre for Havanna; the ship, though once observed along the Georgia coast, was never heard from more. As motive for thus tracing our affairs it was conjectured that he might have known of my lost relatives.

Bern. Let me consider. Ah, yes, I remember now—a person, a merchant from Havanna. He was a partner in the firm of—of—

Ld. C. Can you not recall the firm?

Bern. Ah, how annoying thus to lose a name! I met this Darkrad in Savannah, though I knew little of the man. He lived in Cuba where he soon returned. The firm seems past recalling. There are many Cuban vessels now in port, perhaps the information could there be obtained.

Ld. C. Though I have been there many times in this pursuit, if nothing further can be learned, then will I take the first ship for Havanna. Had my parents lived I surely would have learned the fact. But that dear sister may survive; how would I prize the slightest clue that led to knowledge of her fate. I will not, cannot give her up. The hope—the lifelong aspiration of my soul has been—my sister lives. Pardon me dear sir. Thanks for your kind assistance. Farewell good Bernreb.

Bern. Would that I might more truly aid you, but I trust your zealous efforts yet may prove successful. Fare you well.

Exit LORD CORNANROC.

Bern. Shipped to Havanna! Great Heavens, should he find Adeda. Then were I better in my grave. A few bold, poisoned words, dropped in the ear of each, may separate that lovely one from Cardrac. Who Adeda is—no man shall know—until she's mine. Adeda! Ah, Adeda! Never, no never, while my breath shall last, will I resign thee to another.

Exit BERNREB.

END OF SCENE III.

ACT IV.

SCENE IV.

SCENE IV.—CARDRAC'S parlors in New Orleans. Richly furnished, flowers, wines, fruits and cigars. (ADEDA and CORNANROC playing *euchre* against CARDRAC and TRANART. RENONER and FREDERF against SULLUS and LUDODUL, at another table. All have money and glasses, except ADEDA. Some smoke.)

Card. Bring cigars. Your deal Tranart.

Ld. C. On to-morrow I shall leave for Cuba, I will play but one more game.

Card. Two hundred upon this.

Ld. C. Never beyond a limit fixed tempt fickle chance; I stake one hundred.

Sul. Hm, I say Frederf they have preaching over there.

Fred. Preaching—em,—it is your play. Renoner,—preaching?

The clergymen soon will be left in the lurch,

For few of them think as they teach,

The brains of the nation are leaving the church

And only the imbeciles preach.

Lud. Ha, ha, I pass. Ten against you Sullus.

Tran. Hearts are turned.

Ld. C. The heart is not for me.

Card. Pass.

Ade. The heart is taken up. I play alone.

Ld. C. (*Taking glass and bowing to ADEDA.*)

Though trusted not, thy partner trusts thee still,

Ade. So fair a trust commands her highest skill.

Card. Fifty that she does not win.

Ld. C. Done!

Card. Then play to that. (*They play.*)

Ren. I sometimes write. Doubtless indifferently; but the rude product of my brain is of myself so much a part, that it was never bartered yet for gain. This is my fortune's final coin; should this be lost, then from my heart a bleeding fragment must be torn, and all my tender thoughts be grossly sold as merchandise. (*They play.*) 'Tis lost. Farewell.

Card. Good bye, Renoner, my dear old fellow.

(*Exit RENONER.*)

Another fool in bleeding fragments.

There is little to write that has never been read,

There is less worth saying that has never been said.

Ld. C. 'Tis lost. My limit now is reached. (*ADEDA and LORD CORNANROC rise from the table. ADEDA takes a handful of gold from her husband's pile.*)

Ade. (*To LORD C.*) Ah, when the heart was turned I should have passed, and not so ventured with my partner's gold.

Ld. C. Chance, chance, blind chance rules everywhere; with man as well as beast, one pampered steed in gorgeous trappings prances, while his starveling mate, in galling dray, drags weary days of agony.

Ade. Do gorgeous trappings never mask the deeper agony? I know not why the money you have lost seems blistering in my hands. Let me restore this gold.

Ld. C. To me 'tis nothing. Unheeded vanish hours or funds when lost so charmingly. But with your pardon, let me ask, how came so rare a flower, amid such noxious weeds?

Ade. (*Taking up a glass of wine, with forced laugh.*)

Drink,—drink,—while the pulses are glad, (*Triumphantly.*)

For why should the heart of the winner be sad.

Drink—aye drink,—lest—the—loser—go—mad.

(*With agony. Glass falls.*)

(*ADEDA moves to a large vase of flowers in agitation.*)

Waiter. (*At entrance.*) Supper waits.

(*All retire to dining-room except ADEDA and TRANART, who moves as if to escort her.*)

Tra. Ah, madam, I cannot tell how much it touches me to see you suffer thus; this is no place for you.

Ade. Suffer? This is no place for me? What does this mean?

Tra. Look not so proudly dearest friend, it means that I would save you from this wretched life, your husband—

Ade. Sir you forget yourself. I am a wife, and will not hear my husband's censurer. (*Enter CARDRAC.*)

Card. (*At entrance.*) Will you sup with us.

(*Exit TRANART.*)

And what should cause this Tranart's touching interview? Or that excited pantomime where Cornanroc refused your proffered coin?

Ade. First, Tranart's folly checked with scorn; not worth one moment's notice; but for Lord Cornanroc; entwining with his careless compliments, a softened echo clung unspoken in his tender voice that reached my ears mysteriously,—like half forgotten, shadowy tones, in dreams,—as from some unknown source, that thrilled me strangely. I would most gladly have returned your gains from him. Yet was there never thought unworthy of your wife.

Card. Adeda, O, that I might more fully trust thee, for I need thine aid.

Ade. Unjust, ungenerous man, with all thy wretched gambling daily heaped on my revolting conscience, when a recent envious tattler told of Cardrac's former wife, lest I might learn that she still lived, I stopped my ears and thrust the theme detested from the threshold of my thoughts.

Card. And if I now should tell you it was true, what then?

Ade. What then? It is too horrible to think. When at that solemn altar, didst thou not before high Heaven swear, thou hadst no other wife?—When—crushed Adeda—rashly—married thee,—and though I could not promise all the love you wished, have I not ever been a true and faithful wife? O, tell me that this bitter slander is not true!

Card. Who can go back, undoing that once done? For you Adeda one might venture Heaven itself. Together we may face the world, whatever sorrows come.

Ade. Appalling and evasive words; tell me, O! tell me, that you have no other wife,—lest I may loathe myself and thee!

Card. Be cool Adeda, you yourself unconsciously drove out the

early love I gave to my first wife. Some enemy incites her to harass me now, for I had left her.

Ade. Thou base unpiteous man, what hast thou done?

Card. No worse than being wedded to a priest.

Ade. May heaven but help me now. I was not truly married to the priest. And you—

Card. Ah well, keep cool, keep cool, Adeda dear, and with your skilful aid she can most surely be discarded.

Ade. My aid? Aid to discard your lawful wife! The woman you first fondly wooed and wed! Adeda's aid to do so vile a deed? Thou foully perjured, despicable man.—Take thou these glittering baubles,—and take all this sordid gold that I would fain restore. (*Throws down the gold and her jewels.*)

Card. But Adeda, dearest wife, Adeda,—

Ade. No longer call me wife. Ah! what am I? (*Going. Drawing dagger.*)

Card. Adeda, O, Adeda listen, O, listen dearest, listen—

Ade. Never,—No words. Not more repulsive in Adeda's eyes were Cardrac's ghastly skeleton, stark, fleshless, save for clinging, reeking masses of decay. Thus do I loathe and leave thee.

(*Curtain.*)

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

SCENE I.—MADAM EGRAFARGE'S *House at Urbru.*

(*Evening.*) MADAM E. *at secretary looking over papers.*

BERNREB *at table with money.*

Mad E. Your pardon for a moment. The paper you desire was left in Dramard's desk. I will return directly.

(*Exit MADAM E.*)

Bern. Certainly. (*Goes to MAD. EGRAFARGE'S desk, examines drawers.*) Where has Adeda gone? I parted them with a vengeance. What a man will do one can predict, but for a woman! Only heaven itself can tell. To find her must the priest be watched. (*Taking up letter.*) Ah, that is from Adeda. Should she return, her aunt refusing shelter, I may yet succeed. (*Thrusts letter in his pocket, returns to table.*)

Enter MADAM EGRAFARGE.

Mad. E. Here is the deed. How much we thank you for this generous aid.

Bern. Ah, do not think of it. These are the proceeds of the Dramard lands. (*Giving money; about to go.*) I trust your son is well.

Mad. E. O yes, he came back yesterday. Dramard learned that possibly Adeda might return, though we have nothing definite.

Bern. Indeed. Since she had left you so abruptly I have hardly thought of her.

Mad. E. At first the blow was fearful, but as I remembered all her just and truthful ways, I could not think Adeda would do wrong.

Bern. Still, from your generous care eloping so offensively—

Mad. E. So good, so kind, she must have been deceived.

Bern. How very strange, that she could thus remain with Cardrac! and despite his lawful wife.

Mad. E. 'Tis terrible, should I condone the crime? I fear it would be wrong.

Bern. To share dishonored home with such a man, amid the wild carousings of his wretched gambling life, was little like your former niece. Still er—we *hope* she may have been deceived.

Mad. E. Alas, though I so fondly loved Adeda, how can I welcome her again?

Bern. Ah, do not be distressed, she may not wish now to disgrace you by returning. I think you would be happier if she should remain away. Farewell.

Mad. E. Thanks, and farewell. (*Exit BERNREB.*)

O, must I steel this breast against my lovely niece? It breaks my heart to think of that dear girl.

(*Exit MADAM EGRAFARGE.*)

Enter ADEDA.

Ade. Am I Adeda? This was Adeda's home. There are her childhood's toys; unnoted sped her golden hours with those rare volumes. Mid purity and peace these treasured flowers bloomed in fragrant love of her. And what am I! Why came I to Adeda's home?

Enter MADAM EGRAFARGE.

Mad. E. Adeda.

Ade. My dearest aunt.

(*Each advances as if to embrace, then slowly stops.*)

Mad. E. What brought thee here?

Ade. A dream, a childish dream; only a dream of innocence and love.

(*ADEDA retires very slowly. MADAME EGRAFARGE struggles in agony between duty and affection.*) (*Exit ADEDA.*)

Mad. E. (*Rushing towards entrance endeavoring to overtake ADEDA.*) Adeda! O! (*Swoons.*)

Enter DRAMARD.

Dra. O! mother what has happened?

Enter NELLEN. (*Both assist MAD. EGRAFARGE.*)

Nel. Was there an accident, a fall?

Dra. I cannot tell; my mother seems quite agitated or slightly wandering.

Mad. E. (*With great effort.*) Call—

Dra. Do not be disturbed kind mother dear.

Mad. E. Call—call—Adeda.

Dra. Rest quietly my dearest mother. Adeda shall be called directly. (*To NELLEN.*) Evidently she does not know for what she asks. Please aid me, let us take my mother to her room.

(*Exit DRAMARD and NELLEN with MAD. EGRAFARGE.*)

Enter ENELENE.

Enc. O! my, I am so scared; it must have been a ghost! Every bit of me just creeps. Somebody is coming. I hope it's Girdrig. (*Opens door. Is startled and retreats.*)

Enter LORD CORNANROC *and* OFFICER.

Officer. Good evening, fair maid, is this the residence of Madam Egrafarge?

Enter GIRDRIG.

(ENELENE *delighted.*)

Ld. Cor. Ah! you need not ask. I feel it in a thousand ways. My sister! My gentle sister. My dear Adeda! O! thou poor child so sadly wronged. This was indeed your home. That heartless fiend incarnate baffled all my inquiries. That villain Bernreb! !—But I learned all, despite your perfidy! O! Bernreb! Bernreb why—

Officer. His name is Darkrad. I shall receive a large reward if that good priest identifies the man.

Gird. What! Father Ordadro? He that is to be absolved from priestly vows, for the great aid his noble brother gave the Pope?

Officer. O, I care naught for that, if he can help me find this Darkrad. One hundred pounds is what I'm working for.

Enter NELLEN.

Nel. Good gentlemen, whoever you may be, O go at once in search of our Adeda. One-half hour since she came, when her kind aunt, deceived, gave chilling welcome, but is frantic with remorse, and now beseeches you to bring her dear niece home. Dramard has gone to rouse the neighbors, O hasten, I entreat.

Ld. Cor. (*To* NELLEN *hastening away.*) You cannot think Adeda criminal.

(*Exit all except* NELLEN *and* LD. COR.)

Nel. Adeda criminal? O never, no. A soul so pure could do no conscious wrong!

(*Close in.*)

END OF SCENE I.

ACT V.

SCENE II.

SCENE II.—*Forest scene on the banks of the Mississippi, at entrance to squirrel's cave. Large door surmounted by cross. Moonlight.*

Enter DOD *with guitar.* (*Sings.*)

I am waitin', lonely waitin', by the tawney, glistenin' stream,
Where we rested from our toilin', in the sunset's golden gleam;
And I seem to see you Ama and our child, it's like a dream:

While my longin' heart is waitin' for your comin', comin' home,
And the aspens whisper Ama, are you neber comin' home?
But the ribber murmurs eber, you are neber comin' home.

When da tore you from de cabin an da sole you bof away,
 When the cruel trader sent you, sailen, weepen, down the bay,
 How my heart ached for you Ama, how it bleeds for you to-day,
 An is achen, sadly waitin', for your comin', comin' home:
 But the ribber murmers eber, you are neber comin' home,
 While de somber pines are sighin', never more are comin' home.

Bare and lonely is de cabin dat was dear to you and me,
 By de mouty Mississippi rushin' surgin' to the sea,
 Where we watched the moonlight glimmer, when the child was on my knee,
 Where my breakin' heart is waitin' for your comin', comin' home,
 For the ribber answers eber, you are neber comin' home,
 Murmurs eber, Ama neber, neber more is comin' home.

Hark, de mockin' bird is callin' o'er the waters troubled flow,
 Hear him call for you my Ama, singin' sweetly, soft an' slow,
 While de aspens rustlin' whisper, askin' kindly, sighin' low,
 Are you comin', gentle Ama? are you eber comin' home?
 Still the ribber answers eber, you are neber comin' home,
 Murmurs eber, comin' neber, neber more are comin' home.

Exit DOD.

Enter ADEDA.

Ade. (Coming down the path.) This winding path Ordadro's feet have pressed. Ordadro, noble, pure and true, whom I must never meet—as high as yonder vast refulgent sphere above this wrecked Adeda. Wrapped in this lonely night may I steal in and kneel where he has uttered prayer. *(Attempts vainly to open doors, then a step away.)* They will not yield.—Each door—and heart—and hope, is closed to lost Adeda. *(Sinks weeping to the ground. Then starting up with energy.)* Why should Adeda live, when one sharp pang can end her agony? *(Produces dagger, and looks intently at same.)* And may she with this Savior's image in her clasp, stain both with her unworthy life? O! would some other hand might give her soul release! *(Again looks intently at dagger.)* Like Thee, Adeda has not where to lay her head, canst Thou not take her to Thyself? *(Glances imploringly at doors. Then at forest—then thrusts the point of dagger in a little mound of flowers so that it stands before her as a crucifix, when she kneels extending her hands.)*

1.

Dear Savior, let me come to Thee,
 O, turn not Thou away from me,
 So loathsome my sad life appears,
 My tortured soul, mid crushing fears,
 With bleeding heart, in blinding tears,
 To Thee would come, dear Lord, to Thee.

2.

With anguish wrung, from contrite knee,
 Adeda's soul would come to Thee.
 Her life seems black as deepest night,
 O, take from her that hideous blight,
 Take Thou her soul to Thy pure light,
 O, let Adeda come to Thee.

Enter ORDADRO followed by BERNREB, who strives to keep out of sight.

ORDADRO first listens spellbound, then advances and retreats greatly agitated by contending emotions.

Ord. Kind heaven direct.—I cannot go.

Ade. (*Startled and radiant, but not seeing ORDADRO.*) That was Ordadro's voice!

Ord. Adeda!

Ade. Ordadro! (*They embrace.*)

Ord. (*Slowly withdrawing from ADEDA.*) My vows, my fearful priestly vows. O, heaven, my cruel vows.

Ade. Leave me!—Leave me!—O, let me go—with night and solitude. Let not Adeda wrong thy soul.

(BERNREB, warily approaches, eagerly clutches ADEDA's dagger and watches intently for opportunity to strike the priest.)

Ord. Thy lovely image has entranced my soul! How can I let thee go? (*Returning to ADEDA.*)

Ade. Thou generous man! But I, (*withdrawing*) Ah, what am I! Alas! Alas! Ah, what, alas am I!

Ord. The truest, noblest, best in all the world—

(ADEDA discovering BERNREB about to strike, with a cry of horror strives to avert the blow. ORDADRO seizing BERNREB, a struggle ensues.)

Hold! Away. Thou cowardly assassin!

(*Enter GIRDRIG and OFFICER.*)

Ade. Help, help, disarm the cruel murderer.

Officer. Darkrad, the forger. Ah! I know him well.

(BERNREB is manacled by GIRDRIG and OFFICER.)

Ord. He is disarmed. Your faithful steel (*giving ADEDA the dagger*) refused to pierce my breast.

Ade. The blade is stained! You have no wound?

Ord. Ah! no the merest scratch.

Enter ENELENE. (Makes sign.)

Enter CORNANROC and DRAMARD.

Dra. Adeda, cousin, welcome home.

Ade. Dramard, my cousin! Thanks! most cordial thanks!

Ld. Cor. Nearer and dearer is my welcome home. (*Taking ADEDA's hand.*) The mother that once clasped (*taking dagger*) this weapon on her helpless child—was yours Adeda—and was mine.

Ade. (*Dazed.*) Can this be true, Ordadro?—Ah, yes 'tis true, it is, it is, 'tis true! (*Seizing both LORD CORNANROC's hands with great animation.*) That was our mother's voice which thrilled me when we met before; her eyes look out from yours: her love would guide our thoughts. (*Slowly lets fall the hands, with agony.*) Can I,—can such as I—be sister—cousin—friend? Why was I rescued from the shielding waves? (*The dagger falls.*)

Ord. Far more than sister, cousin, friend. Thrice “blessed are the pure in heart.”

Ld. Cor. Despite the machinations of that fiend in human form, I have learned all and bring, to Don Ordadro, news of great import (*Producing document.*) which is herein set forth. This peerless man—who, renouncing his estate, became a priest to save a relative condemned—by His Holiness the Pope has been absolved from sacerdotal vows and to his former rank, soldier and nobleman, is now restored.

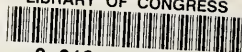
(LORD CORNANROC gives document to priest.)

Ord. Thanks! Thanks! thou Noble Pope! I'm free! free! free! (*Tearing off priest's robe, disclosing Spanish costume and seizing ADEDA's hand.*) I am no more a priest.

(*Curtain.*)

THE END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 102 777 7